

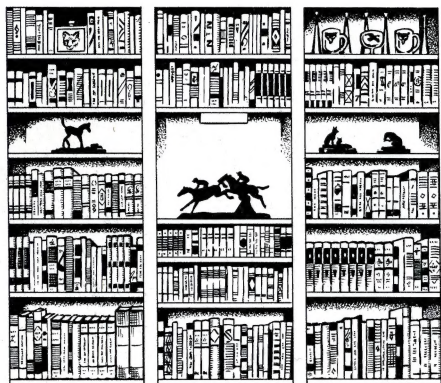
GEORGIAN BAY

IRON CITY FISHING CLUB

PITTSBURGH, PA.

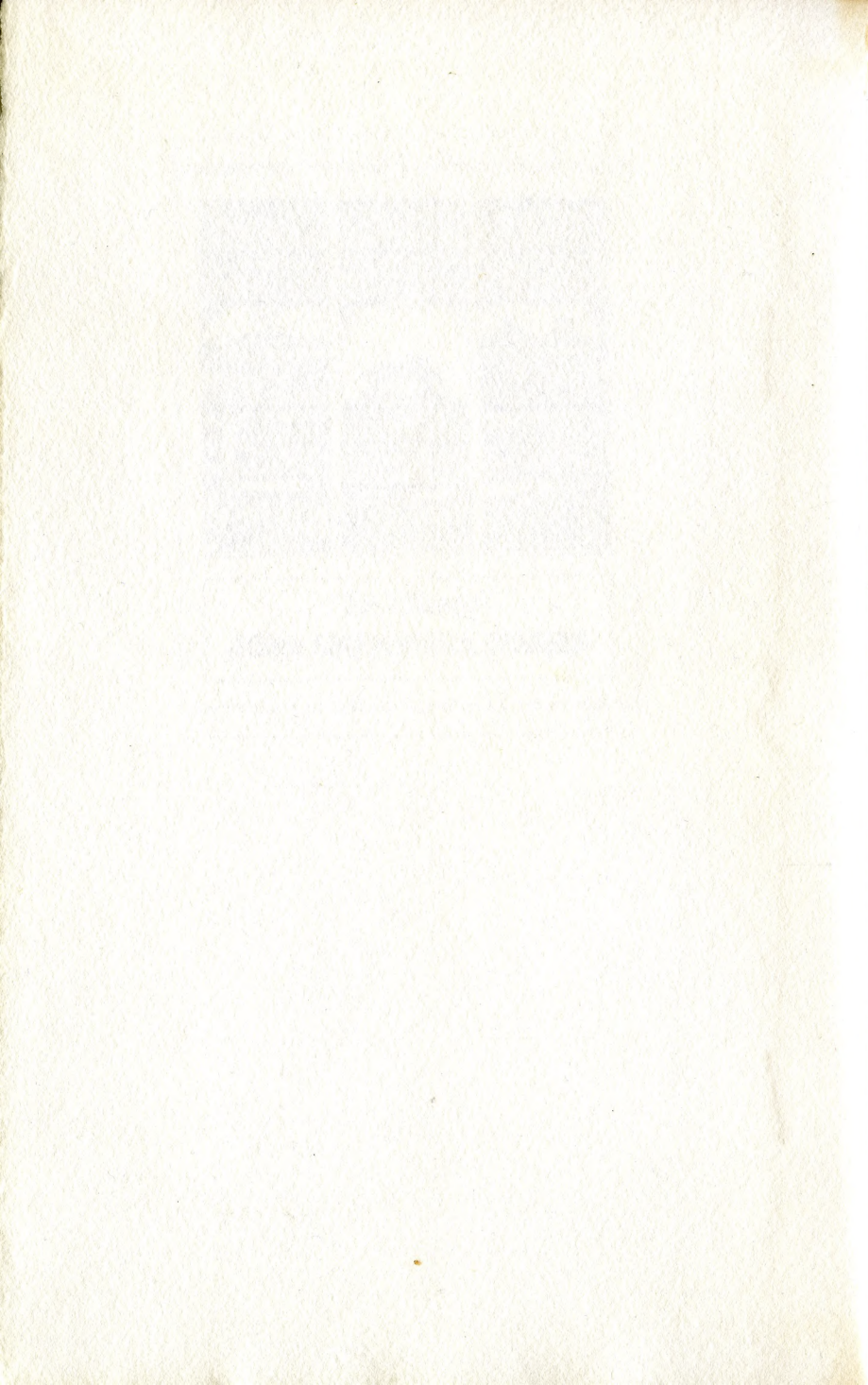
CONGER TOWNSHIP

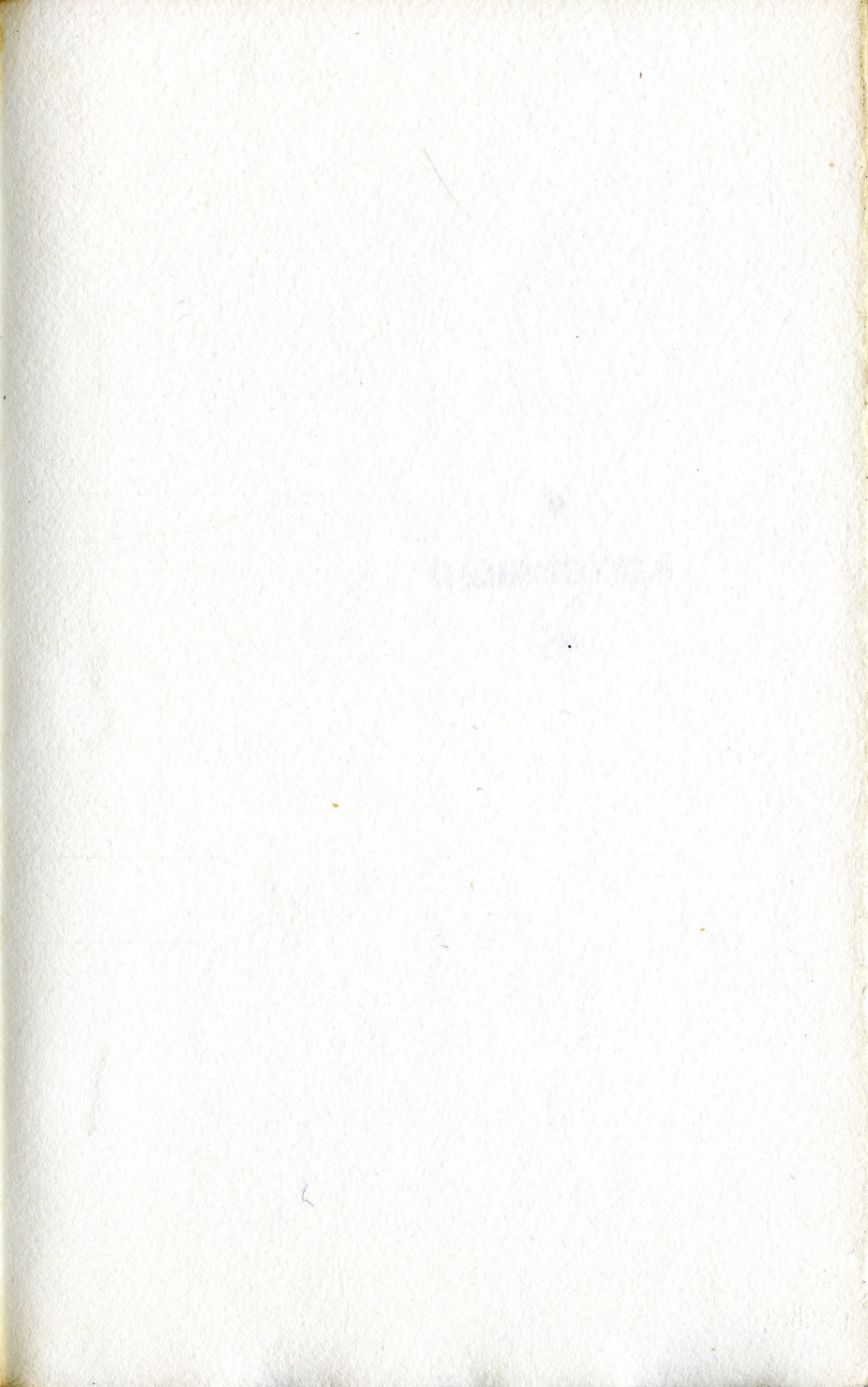
GEORGIAN BAY



Ex Libris
JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS











CAMP IDYLLS



CAMP IDYLL

Bennett Chapple



CAMP IDYLLS



Rowayton: 1954

Best wishes
to Peg and Paul
Bennett Chapple

1955

PREFACE

These bits of verse record the joys of vacation days at Iron City Fishing Club on Georgian Bay in Ontario, Canada, where family friendships have reigned and sound traditions have held fast for close to seventy-five years.

The Author

1953



*The Port of
Fishworms*

There are ports in far off China
There are ports much nearer home
There are ports for mighty vessels
That plow the ocean foam.

Now the sights you see at these ports
Are alike in every zone
But the wharf at Midland City
Has a scene that's all its own.

When the Iron City campers
Start migrating to the north
Loaded down with fishing rods
To test their strength and worth.

At the dock they're met with shouting
As the urchins clamor 'bout
"Fishworms!, Mr.!, fishworms
"By the hundreds!" is their shout.

Long, lean and soil-stained fingers
Pull the moss back for a look --
The wiggling worms seem eager
To be placed upon the hook.

A great thought seems to conjure
As the eye sweeps in the strife--
The importance of a Fishworm
In the simple camper's life.

California in the winter
Europe too, each has its call
But the land of huckleberries
Is the best land of them all.

*Huckleberry
Time*

With Elmer at the steering wheel
The launch is safely manned
We plow the silver water
Into the promised land.

Where Big Chief Huckleberry
With his white hair flowing free
Can spot the biggest berries
Shaded underneath a tree.

His call is weird and fanciful
"Um, gal la la" is his grunt
He knows no other business
When on a berry hunt.

With yawning pails and buckets
We greet each glad surprise
Where the frosted blue of Heaven
Laughs up into your eyes.

Oh! There's many joyous seasons
And they fit most every clime
But let me gather huckles --
"It's the berries" every time.

*The Flames
of Heaven*

Dark was the night on the wooded shore
In the Iron City Camp
A flickering beam among the leaves
But marked the pathway's lamp.

The air was still -- the world at rest
The breeze had gone to sleep
And quiet reigned -- the solitude
Had waded in knee-deep.

Then suddenly across the sky
Spreading east and west
Aurora Borealis came
With diamonds on his chest.

First he shot his fingers high
Into the midnight air
Which brought the campers to the show
That he was staging there.

The light then turned to a bluish green
And spread out like a fan
The heavens turned to sunset glow
With lightning neath the span.

Soon all was gone -- the show was done
But this much it was certain
Aurora Bora did his stuff
When Nature raised the curtain

The Roman baths were famous
As a most inviting place
Where Roman damsels sported
With their beauty and their grace.

And so, at Iron City's camp
Deep in its whereabouts
Is a cove of dripping splendor,
The pool for "Stylish Stouts."

Amid the joyous splashing
Comes a strange engulfing noise
As the cold and crystal water
Slaps at the avoirdupois.

Rounded necks and sloping shoulders
On the water's rim are urged
Like icebergs stately floating
With their seven-eighths submerged.

Others drape the rugged rocks
And silhouette their grace
Putting gay Adonis, bold
And Venus in their place.

And so, when weighing up the joy
And fun of every sort,
Just add that happy spot in camp
Where "stylish stouts" cavort.

*The Pool for
Stylish Stouts*

*Pie A La
Mode*

Though far away from city's mart
Where food seems hard to get,
At Iron City's lovely camp
You can have no regret.

A Dietician serves the crowd;
She knows just what to make
To sooth enormous appetites
Without a pain or ache.

Her dishes fit for mighty kings
Pile high the festive board;
Fresh vegetables and all such things
That represent Dame Nature's hoard.

Fine fish or meat or breakfast hash,
Or lamb made in a stew.
It's all the same, it melts away
Just like the morning dew.

But let me sing of just one dish
That makes poetic muses rise
The lucious sweet blueberries
She makes up into pies.

And then, as though that's not enough
For this far-off abode,
She adds a touch of Heaven,
And serves it "a la mode."

The campers idle on the porch,
The stars are shining overhead.
The yawns are creeping o'er the place,
And soon the camp will be in bed.

Taps

Then softly, like a silver bell,
Bugle notes come pure and clear.
Bert Lewis now is playing taps
That fall gently on the ear.

A hundred hands reach for the time
To check up on the bugle spell,
And verify the bugled hour --
"Ten o'clock -- and all is well."

Good fellowship pervades the air
Floating like the sweet toned taps
Bert is calling "Nighty-Night"
Answered by a hundred claps.

Hark! The tolling of the chime
That marks the close of Sabbath day.
Recalling memories of home
And dear ones that are far away.

*Vespers at
Iron City*

The Angelus -- God's Holy Hour
Now gives the world a calm release.
The tall pines whisper in the air
And join the lullaby of Peace.

Vespers

The campers gather at the hall
The hymns sing out in glad acclaim
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"
"Oh, Blessed be His Holy Name."

For health and strength and joyous times
For every blessing great and small,
The campers singing happy praise
Gives thanks to God, Who gives it all.

A miniature Gibraltar
Is the Isle of Manitou
A stately rock of Friendship
Built for Welcome and Adieu.

*Manitou,
a Miniature
Gibraltar*

Trim, aristocratic launches
Snub their noses to the rock
While enthusiastic campers
Clamber out upon the rock.

There, waiting for the Midland
That is whistling its way
'Mong thirty thousand islets
That grace the Georgian Bay.

Manitou

And then, estatic waving
From the dock and from the boat
Amid the joyous shouting
From every friendly throat.

All care here seems to melt away
As does the morning dew
The Kingdom of the Out-of-Doors
Begins at Manitou.

When the breakfast chores are over
And there's nothing else to do,
Blue sky and crystal water
Seem to be inviting you.

Fishing

I like to go a fishing
When the bass are running fine,
And see the rod a-bending
With a bass upon the line.

First the nibbles -- then he grabs it.
Oh! the rapturous joy you feel
As a great big, fine two-pounder
Starts the singing of the reel.

Fishing

In my pleasant hope of Heaven
This is my fondest wish;
Somewhere within the Pearly Gates
There'll be a place to fish.

When Aunt Mary's making comforts
She finds it helps a lot
To give a quilting party
And invite her friends to knot.

*The Quilting
Party*

They gather from the cabin
And they gather from the tents
To meet the knotty problems,
That Aunt Mary there presents.

When she gets them started
She slyly takes a seat.
She's got Tom Sawyer beat a mile --
The quilts are soon complete.

The cares of life are put to flight
And dignity unlocks,
When someone throws a party,
Gives a picnic on the rocks.

*The Rock
Picnic*

The table groans beneath the weight
Of chains of barking dogs
And beans all brown and juicy
With raiments from the dogs.

With punch and steaming coffee
The chastened bun is downed,
And no one seems to worry
About the extra pound.

The luscious sweetened pickle
Is eaten without question:
The slaw -- it has no terrors
For those with indigestion

And then, when lunch is over,
There comes our dear old "Stan"
Who gathers all the debris --
He is our handy man.

Now shady spots are chosen
Fanned by the cooling breeze
Where bridge hounds start their bridging
Beneath the lovely trees.

But things must have an ending;
We sail our homeward way,
Refreshed in soul and spirit,
And "unlaxed" for a day.

Rock Picnic

I mount a seat on Charlotte Ann
Whose prow so neat and trim
Plows deep the water furrows
And leaves a silver rim.

The

Charlotte

Ann

She roves the wave-tipped water
As a wild horse roves the plain:
With tiny bow flags flying
Like a breeze-tossed, bushy mane.

She takes us to the berry patch,
Or where the fish abound:
And if the day is fair and bright
We go to Parry Sound.

Returning home, it never fails,
In a cove she'll slyly slip;
And there a "whiffin" cocktail
Seems to just top off the trip.

On cold and rainy evenings
The port of keen desire
Is a cozy rocking chair
Beside the blazing fire.

Rainy Nights

The pine logs do their crackling
As rosin feeds the flame,
The chat flows free until someone
Suggests a little game.

"A bid of three" -- "I'll make it four"
You hear on every side.

Then someone gets a great big slam
And takes you for a ride.

And when the evening's play is done
The dying embers glow,
With such a warmth of fellowship
That no one wants to go.

In Georgian's crystal water world
Small islets point the way
Like wave-tipped fingers, jeweled, pearled
To lovely Twelve Mile Bay.

Twelve

Mile Bay

*Twelve
Mile Bay*

Bold, like a great broad river deep
With grandeur all its own,
It cuts its way where forests sleep
And cliffs of rugged stone.

The white birch marks the leafy shore
With tiny streaks of white
That zig-zag through the banks of green
Like wayward beams of light.

The rocks that guard the water's edge
Are wrinkled as with care
That tells of countless centuries
Since they were stationed there.

And here and there a clearing shows
Where men have worked and hewn,
The logs born of their labor, yet
Along the banks are strewn.

And at its end a marker shows
Set like a fish's eye
A soft pine-crested island there
Is mirrored in the sky.

Lost is the mood in Paradise
As "Betsy" skims her way;
The soul of man goes skimming too,
Across the Twelve Mile Bay.

Croquet

When you're getting restless
With time to while away
Nothing serves you better than
The good old game, croquet.

Striped ball and mallet
Will arm you for the fray
To wage the wicket battle
In a most "wicket" way.

Friendships sink to nothing
As foeman meets his foe.
Wickets, too, shrink smaller
Through which they have to go.

When you get position
Beware the foeman's play
He will try to hit you --
Croquet you miles away.

To show your "wicket" spirit
And with a visage grim
Wait for the opportunity
To do the same to him.

Don't give up the battle
T'would be a sad mistake;
The game is never over
Until you hit the stake.

The barometer has fallen
And it must surely know;
So prepare for stormy weather --
A good old three day blow.

*The Three
Day Blow*

It comes with little warning;
Quick! make the tent ropes fast
When wind clouds start their racing
In the sky dark, overcast.

Soon angry waves are dashing
With white caps row on row.
The trees are bending in the gale
That whips them to and fro.

Like white-plumed, valiant chargers
The waves dash to the shore,
Where beaten back by solid rocks
They then sweep back once more.

We watch the surging battle
Whose mist and dripping spray
Marks the embattled shore line
Around the angry bay.

But when three days are over
And the wild wind is allayed
The cottagers come forth again
Like chipmunks on parade.

Commissary

From the day camp has beginning
Until its very close,
The most important in it
Is Reverend Dr. Jose.

He is our Commissary
And knows just what to do
To keep the wheels a-running
And feed the happy crew

He gets us all our waiter boys
He hires all the cooks;
He operates the country store
And keeps up all the books.

He orders things we have to have
From stores at Parry Sound;
And when they land upon the dock
He then sends them around.

He handles all the mail at night
And spreads it on the table,
And calls the name of all who get
A letter or a cable.

Without our Reverend Dr. Jose
I don't know what we'd do,
He carries all our burdens,
And he seems to like it, too.

Raindrops

The dark storm clouds open
And little drops of rain,
Like watery beads, are lighting
Upon the window pane.

Amazed, each little globule
Shakes its beady head
Struggling to regain its feet
With capillary tread.

Clutching at the window pane,
Alone, it seems to hover;
Wondering which way to go,
Until joined by another.

Then away together
Two raindrops dart as one,
Gathering other raindrops
As on their way they run.

Somewhere a little brook is made
And mighty rivers flow,
Because these little raindrops
Join others as they go.

Oh! Even great Niagra's
Power would be prone,
If all the little raindrops
Had to go alone.

Away up in our Georgian camp
You has to make yo' fun:
So everyone contributes --
And dis is how it's done.

The Minstrels

De ladies get together,
And fust ting dat you know;
Dey all gets wild excited
About a minstrel show.

Some likes to sing a little song;
Some likes to dance and jig;
Some likes de best to "personate"--
It all goes over big.

De sisters takes de brudders
Fo' a little ride;
Wid jokes so old and wheezy
Dey done lost der hide.

But when de show is over
And dey wash off de cork,
Dey finds dey has been well repaid
In spite of all the work.

*This was written for the women in
camp who put on a Minstrel Show. The
verses were sung to the tune of "Oh,
Susanna."*

On memories' halls there always clings
A lot of very funny things
That seem to hang about the place
With a sort of cob-web grace.

For instance, if perchance I utter
Two simple words, "Honey Butter"
The gales of laughter that it brings
Stamp it as just one of those things.

Placed upon a cracker where
It meets you with an ogling stare;
And it's whiteness meets the eye --
You're reminded that the sea gulls fly.

When Ruth and Kay put on their party
They sought to have their friends eat hearty.
Alack, they served this sad repast;
Of it they'll never hear the last.

For when they passed it to each guest
It had no takers, 'tis confessed;
And you could hear a quiet flutter
As each refused that "Honey Butter."

Again they passed it, and again;
Until the guests were stymied, when
You could hear the mutter --
God save us all from "Honey Butter."

The Visitor

Seated in the dining hall
Just ready for our pie:
Suddenly commotion reigned
A noise was in the sky.

Knives and forks and spoons
Were thrown down hurriedly,
As everyone rushed out the door
To see what they could see.

Fifty years the camp had lived
In quiet, sweet content.
Now suddenly its solitude
Was bad and deeply rent.

The birdman dipped his spreading wings
And settled on the bay,
Prepared to give the camp a ride
Provided they would pay.

"Five dollars per," he quoted them;
He said it was the fare:
And soon he had all of the camp
Away up in the air.

For those who didn't want to ride
-- Perhaps they didn't dare --
Bemoaned the fact that he had come
And, too, went in the air.

What is more delightful than
A Sunday morning stroll
Along some wooded Indian trail
Or up some rocky knoll?

*Sunday
Morning
Strolls*

Perhaps your path will lead you
Across to "Twosers" Bay;
Called "Twosers" for it's always
The place where lovers stray.

Or perhaps you struggle on
And through the thicket's gloom
In search of ferns and flowers
To beautify your room.

Dried limbs crackle under foot
Whene'er you leave the track
To get the pink spirea
That you would carry back.

Star moss and sweet ground pine
Smile at you from your feet:
And there's a strip of birch bark
To make a rustic seat.

Then back in time for dinner:
You'll need no bill of fare.
It makes no difference what you eat,
You're hungry as a bear.

Out to a favorite fishing hole
Your motor purrs its way
With cares of life all swallowed up
In a glorious day.

*Fishing
for Fun*

Out to where the small mouthed bass
Dance upon their fins:
Where you can make a graceful cast,
And then your fun begins.

First a nibble -- then a strike:
Be quick: with practiced wrist
You set the hook in grisled lip
By a simple twist.

Then comes the swoop and then the jump
Your pole takes up the slack,
Until it starts to run again
And then you reel it back.

Again he jumps, again he runs
Until a tired fin
Tells you he has had enough
And then you reel him in.

You lift him proudly in the boat
Release the hook, and then
Thank him for the sport you've had
And put him back again.

The dinner birds have cleaned their plates
Like gulls; now dinner's done
Each sits upon her rocky rock,
And gossip's on the run.

"Did you hear?" Someone says,
But she's lost in a smother
By a louder, "You don't say,"
That's uttered by another.

"It's just too bad," one more begins,
But before the finish
Someone else has got the floor
To tell how they like spinach.

"She said to me:" "I said to her" --
The talk like bees is buzzy.

"I do not care for prunes because
They make my hair so fuzzy."

"Now would you think?" again it starts
But in another ear --
The subject is of drooping slacks
That do not mold the rear.

When at last the boat is in
They leave the porch's rail,
And end the gossip for the day
As they go for their mail.

A little bunch of wiry hair,
Two pointed ears that stab the air,
And legs as nimble as a dancer --
Add these up, and Duke's the answer.

Duke is just a mongrel dog
Whose ancestry lies deep in fog;
But everyone of us in camp
Has learned to love the little scamp.

His wagging tail denotes the smile
That he is spreading all the while;
Making friends with every throw
Of that tail dip, to and fro.

And if, perchance, he can espy
A straying shoelace to untie;
His joy is surely most complete,
Playing tag with jumping feet.

He has no favorites at all
He welcomes every whistling call
From man or child, to jump or run,
And play his part in having fun.

You've guessed it. Yes, you're doggone right
A friendly dog can be a sight
Of help to human beings who
Forget to work at friendship, too.

*Friendship's
Pool*

Friendship lies, a quiet pool
To mirror sun and shade;
Where crystal water sets the scene
And happiness is laid.

The joy of having loyal friends
Who know and understand
Lubricates the way of life,
And makes things smooth and grand.

They share our joys; they share our griefs;
Our faults they calmly weigh
Against the good that's in our life,
And mark us up o. k.

All pools, alack, are not alike,
Though they be long and wide.
Some are shallow; some are deep,
And some have rocks, beside.

For Friendship pools are human pools
Reflecting all we do,
If you would bask in other pools
What kind of pool are you?

So when we search for Friendship's pool
There's this much should be said;
Look first before you dive right in
Or you may crack your head.

Tree Tops

Where tall pines mirror in the bay
That husbands Georgian's Island fame;
A cottage nestles by the bay --
Lo! "Tree Tops" is its happy name.

It's not because of size or style:
It's plain and full of knots -- forsooth
'Twas love that built this domicile
And fashioned it with joy and youth.

The porch is one great welcome mat
Where all the world just seems to stop
To lay aside its coat or hat,
And join the birds in old "Tree Top."

Here mirth rings out the live-long day
With throats all set in mellow tune,
To sing the joys of every day
That ripens dear old Friendship's boon.

Amid such hominess, a-flood
Its flowing depth, but does reveal
The radiant wholesomeness of Bud,
The charm and laughter of Lucille.

To these then add two lively sprigs,
A sun-tanned Stewart, sweet Charlotte Ann;
And then you have the trunks and twigs
That make up Steffey's "Tree Top" clan.

The mighty hand of Nature
Is an awesome thing to see
When it sends a clap of thunder,
And lightning strikes a tree.

The splinters fly on every side,
Two hundred feet or more;
Huge granite rocks are split in two
As with the sledge of Thor.

The stately pine, a tangled wreck
Of slivered wood and bark
Felt not the searing, blinding flash
That left its fearful mark,

And so, withal, be not afraid,
There is no use to flee it:
If lightning ever picks on you,
You'll never live to see it.

The Lightning

Tell you what I like the best
When evening creeps upon the day;
It's when we take some sandwiches
And paddle cross the bay.

*Moonlight
Nights*

Where beneath the big white pines,
In a soft, deep, shadowed lair,
We build a fire whose cheery gleam
Makes us glad that we are there.

Moonlight

Nights

Then someone starts to sing a song,
And though it may be off the key,
It seems to bring a picture
Of the days that used to be.

The rumbling bass and tenors
Seem to lock in strange embrace;
With wavering sopranos
To keep them in their place.

And then alas! the goodnight song;
The fire dies to embers.
We put it out and paddle back
With joy one long remembers.

Regal is the splendor
At the close of day
When the golden sunset
Canopies the bay.

The Sunset

Sunset

Mirrored in the waters,
The changing colors meet;
A giant rainbow carpet,
Spreading at our feet.

The setting sun peeks o'er
The rim of fleecy clouds,
And tips them all with silver
From the heavenly shrouds.

The full moon smiles benignly,
Framed by towering pine,
Like a great Madonna
With brooding love divine.

Gone are the cares of day
Amid the lovely scene;
God is bidding us goodnight,
And all is calm, serene.

Mirrors

When twilight comes a-creeping
Across the quiet bay
The water turns to mirrors
In which deep shadows play.

The trees are all turned upside down *Mirrors*
Along the water's edge;
Inverted ferns and bushes
Are hanging from the ledge.

The colored rocks build highways
With grand and sloping sides,
And o'er a sea of fleecy clouds
The boat serenely glides.

It is a grand sensation
To sail this magic sea;
For all the time you're looking down
You're looking up, by gee!

On a fern-clad, sloping hillside
On an arm of Georgian Bay,
There's a tiny, little school house
Where children learn and play.

*The
Moon River
School*

The scholars number seventeen,
But what is more of note:
They cannot get to school at all
Unless they go by boat.

Around the many islands
The school boats make their way
Gathering up the pupils
Who go to school each day.

Moon River

School

And when they reach the landing,
The scholars clamber out,
And race off to the school house
With happy childhood shout.

They have no school in winter
For school boats cannot run,
So their education hibernates
Until the summer sun.

Each summer has its ending
And now the time draws near
When all of us must break up camp,
To meet another year.

Friendships

The friendships that have come to us
In this sequestered spot
Are friendships of a happy land
That ne'er will be forgot.

Here our all whims and all our faults
Have melted like the dew
Because you've been a friend to me
And I a friend to you.

Friendships

No matter where our duty calls
In far off city's mart
We'll paddle back another year
To feed our souls and heart.

The most complete accomplishment
That anyone could wish
Takes place just after dinner
When Fred Jose cleans the fish

*Cleaning
the Fish*

He dons his gloves with eagerness
Then grabs them by the gills
Swift goes the blade adown the back
The fins fly off like quills.

The tail then falls beneath the knife
With deep wide underscore
Fred rips the bottom and the head
And then twists out the core.

He then takes up the pliers
And gives the skin a rip;
It comes off like adhesive tape
With firm protesting zip.

*Cleaning
the Fish*

So here's to our Fred's cleverness
At cleaning bass and sturgeon:
It's quite the training he should have--
He's going to be a surgeon.

I like to go out fishing
When the day is fine:
I like to feel a two-pound bass
Tugging at the line.

Five Jumpers

I like to let them run and jump
And wind them on the reel.
If one should give five honest jumps,
How happy then I feel.

I like to get them on the hook,
And then just let them play;
For what's the use to horse them in
And end it right away?

At the end of the old board walk
That echoes with tramping trods;
"Twin Pines" standing like sentinels,
Mark the home of Kirk and Kay Todd.

Twin Pines

Where a cottage of gleaming white
Nestles down in a sea of green,
With a vista o'er beautiful water,
Where the Todd fleet is riding serene.

Where the Lone Star Ranger is anchored,
Awaiting the word of a guest,
To tour the shore or the shoals
With blueberry or fishing the quest.

Oh, vacation is golden with riches
On the far famed Georgian Bay,
Where you bask in the warming friendship
At the cottage of Kirk and Kay.

Father, thank Thee for this day
For thy love which shows the way,
That all may taste the joy of life
In quiet peace, away from strife.

Prayer

Father, thank Thee for the light
That opens up the door of night,
And let the sunshine of Thy grace
Smile into every happy face.

Prayer

Father, thank Thee for Thy care:
Keep us from the thoughtless snare
That tangles up the way of love --
Tune our hearts with Thine above.

May we do the things we ought:
May we guard each straying thought.
Help us love and trust in Thee,
Now and through eternity.

Footsteps echo on the walk
As twilight takes its flight
Paul Jose has started on his rounds
To battle with the night.

*The
Lamplighter*

Lamp posts set among the trees
Are ready for the fray
He aims them at the darkness,
And each shoots forth a ray.

From well-trimmed wick and chimney bright *Lamp-*
The light pours forth a stream *lighters*
That cuts the shrinking shadows
With every golden gleam.

The white line on the sidewalk's edge
Now catches the reflection,
And makes it safe for all to walk
By giving clear direction.

So here's to Paul, the vigilant
Who with his shafts of light,
Protects us like St. Paul of old
And guides our feet aright.

At this glad time we celebrate
With silver's shining gleam
A happy anniversary
Of one we love, esteem.

*Felicitations
to Stuart
Horner*

For twenty-five eventful years.
And all that they have meant
He's served our Iron City Camp
As our grand President.

Tradition's strength has anchored us
And when sometimes we lagged
With leadership both bold and strong
The anchors never dragged.

His silver top blends with the green,
His kindliness we share;
No tree so tall to vie with him.
The love that we all bear.

So here's to dear Pops Horner
May laurels crown his brow
He's made us what we are today
A happy camp -- and how!

Felicitations

Toot Kum Inn is lonesome
For Stewart and his crew
For Jamie and for Dorothy
And little Kate: who's new.

The boat is in the water
The canoe is on the rack
All the camp is missing you
And wishing you were back.

*Toot and
Come In*

But now that a great duty calls
And you have "put to sea;"
Toot Kum Inn is tooting
With you for victory.

*Toot and
Come In*

Yes, Toot Kum Inn is looking
To the happy day,
When again you'll share with us
The joys of Georgian Bay.

'Tis the dream of every fisherman
That it will come to pass:
Fortune will smile on him,
And he'll land a five pound bass.

To Dr. Miles

But when Dame Fortune smiles on him,
And turns such luck by two:
In all of Fortune's gift to life,
There's nothing else to choose.

'Tis such a one I sing about:
He's fished for eighty years --
With hook and line and sinker,
He's stacked fish up in tiers.

But as he reeled each lively bass
Upon the water's rim
If it failed to weigh a ton,
It brought no thrill to him.

To Dr. Miles

A mammoth bass, a sturdy one
That knew just how to fight,
That bent the rod, and whisked the line
Was Dr. Mile's delight.

He'd play him with a practiced art;
A chuckle in his throat,
Until the bass would cry "enough"
And climb right in the boat.

I have suspicioned all along
That Dr. Miles' might
At fishing is a simple thing --
He starts by living right.

So here's to eighty years of youth
That beams a ruddy face,
On which the cares of mundane life
Have never left a trace.

It's all because where e'er he goes
The weather's always fine;
And if there's any joy to catch
He's got his hook and line.

I'se come up to "Iron City"

For to take a little rest

Of all de places in de world

I think it is de bes'

We likes to go out fishing

But if dere's too much breeze

We fish for huckleberries

Or elæ we fish for trees.

Oh! my goodness,

What is dis I see?

De men dey start out fishin'

And dey come back wid a tree.

When de gong for dinner rings

It is a lovely sight

To see the campers show up

Wid a great big appetite.

Dey call out to de waiter boys

To fetch dem dis and dat,

Dey lets down on de calories

And all are getting fat.

Oh! my goodness,

Dis will be my moan,

"How will I get into de dress

When I start out for home?"

Minstrel Lay

Tune --

Oh Susanna

And every Sunday morning
About de hour of ten
De women and de little girls,
De boys and de men --
De whole darn camp goes swimmin',
De fat ones and de lean.
Dey wear no bathin' suits at all,
But de woods is in between.
Oh! my goodness,
What a sight dat be:
All dese Georgian Mermaids
And no one dere to see.

When you're slickin' up de place
And you need a tree
Jes go to brudder Thoburn
And his face lights up wid glee.
He goes off to an island
Wid a shovel and a spade,
And when he sees the tree he wants,
Wid joy he is repaid.

Oh! my goodness
You should see his pack --
It's like a moving forest
Come riding on his back.

Minstrel

Lay

When Jenny goes a-sailing
And de day is bright and fair,
She takes along a fishing line
And tells de fish "beware."
And if she gets a great big strike,
And it gets off de hook;
Poor Jenny's disconcerted,
And she gets a worried look.

Oh! my goodness,
"What a mess," says she:
"A great big fine three-pounder
"Makes a monkey out of me."

If anything needs fixin'
And you want it fixed up nice,
Just call in Mr. Fixit
And he'll fix it in a trice.
A handle or a mallet,
A finger or a toe:
It makes no difference to him
He jest cries out for mo.

Oh! my goodness,
Don't you pity me:
My Alvin fixes everyone,
But he has no time for me.

Minstrel

Lay

When he goes a-campin'
'Tis said of Allan Burt,
He counts his cap mo portant
Than his coat or pants or shirt.
And when he has a day or two
Wid things he's so engrossed,
He puts it down and then forgets
And then his cap is lost.

Oh! my goodness,
Allan's lost his cap --
He's got a half a hundred,
But he don't know they're at.

When we wants to give a show,
Our talent to assert:
We always cell on Betsy,
Our little Betsy Burt.
She helps us put the show across,
She knows just what to do;
And if we have to sing a song
She plays a pi-anter too.

Oh! my goodness,
None of us can shirk
When our dear little Betsy
Puts all of us to work.

Take Time

Take time to live,
Salute each day
With happy heart,
Along the way.

Take time to think:
Draw up your plan
For great achievement
While yet you can.

Take time to work:
Relax from fret.
Wash fears away
With honest sweat.

Take time to dream:
The while that you
Work for the day
When dreams come true.

Take time to play:
Relive the joy
Of being just
A barefoot boy.

Take time to love:
And hand to those
You've always loved
A living rose.

Take time to look:

Take Time

That you may see
Strange beauty in
Life's mystery.

Take time to laugh,
Take time to smile,
Take time to live --
It's well worth while.

Here where we spend our summer days

The Welcome

'Midst lovely rock and pine,
Joyous memory hangs like grapes
Upon a glorious vine.

Transparent joy reflects itself,
All crystal clear and white
With the rich beauty of the "bunch"
Reflected in the light.

Upon the vine of wholesome love
In our tree-templed hall,
Hangs the warm-clustered acclaim
To old friends, one and all.

We miss your firm and heavy tramp
Along the board-walk of the camp;
We miss your long and sun-burned nose,
That bloomed just like a summer rose.
We miss your "Skipper's" noisy whirl
That keeps the bay all in a swirl;
We miss your fancy ragtime tunes,
We miss your wornout pantaloons:
We miss the way you used to tease
The wheezes from accordian keys.
We miss you with your catcher's mit,
Just like the balls you tried to hit.
We miss the way you wildly dash
To and fro to throw the hash.
To say that every chick and child
Is missing you would put it mild --
Yes, something's missing and it's true
We're awfully hungry for our "Stew."

*We Miss You,
-- "Stew"*

In past years there's been a lot of fun
From dining hall to island,
From daybreak to setting sun;
And I was there.

*Distant
Camper's
Thoughts*

Old rock picnics, darn good friends;
Swimming, tennis, evening vespers,
And all the time I just keep wishing
That I was there.

Distant Camper

But later on there'll come a day --
In fact, just two more weeks to go --
So leave some fish down in the bay,
'Cause I'll be there.

We're glad to have you back again
Up here on Georgian Bay;
It leaves us fishing for the words
Appropriate to say.

*Greetings to
Iron City Vets*

You're safe and sound and looking grand:
To have you back is swell.
So here's our hearty greeting --
The Iron City Yell.

And, if in some far land you've dreamed
Of this great day, we wish
You'd make that darned old wish come true
And go and catch some fish.

Hark! you campers to the call --
Here's to our smiling Peg and Paul,
Who make our joy at camp complete;
We are agreed they can't be beat.

Their birthdays we now celebrate
With Bill's king-sized birthday cake;
And even then we are not through --
We'll celebrate their wedding too.

With Paul and Bob to bless their ban --
The boys take after their old man --
They're rich in everything that counts,
And every year their friendships mount.

In our love that's deeply felt,
Our fond felicitations melt.
A ton of friendship is corraled,
And Felton is the way it's spelled.

*A Ton of
Friendships*

Tradition is a mighty thing
When all its anchors keep their hold;
Adjusting with the shifting tides,
But changing not the basic mold.

*The I. C. F. C.
Anchor*

For many years fine fishing camps,
Have come and gone on Georgian Bay,
But Iron City still keeps on
To serve our families' holiday.

*The I. C. F. C.
Anchor*

And now as fleeting years go by;
With pride and joy we see at last
Four generations taking root,
And sound traditions holding fast.

So hail to I.C.F.C. Camp,
Where family spirit has full sway;
Where closely held in all our thoughts,
Is God -- our anchor and our stay.

From out the bush Prince came to us:
Nobody knew his pedigree;
He just attached himself to all,
And a Prince he proved to be.

Prince

We grew to love his gentle ways,
And liked to stroke his silken coat:
The children roughened him at play
But never could they get his goat.

His bark was deep and musical,
At human speech he did not fail;
His words came like an endless stream
With kindly eye and wagging tail.

Prince

Good Prince, the gentleman of dogs,
No longer reigns at Georgian Bay:
He chose the hour we broke up camp
To close his eyes and sleep away.

His gentle kindness will be missed,
His dogged faithfulness lives on;
While each holds some fond memory
Of Prince, our friend, although he's gone.

Dear little cabin in the piney wood --
In summer's glorious days be thou our shrine
That we may worship in thy sheltered walls,
With happiness, that is itself divine.

Lettuce Loaf

Be kind to little ones who claim thy boon,
Who know no better than to scuff the rug:
Frown not upon the lazy ones who loll
Deep sunk in thy gay cushions, soft and snug.

Bring peace to weary ones who come for rest, *Lettuce Loaf*
Pass out thy friendliness in homely truth:
May all the sunshine of thy halcyon days
Shine in our hearts, perpetuate our youth.
In you are encompassed all that love can give,
Thy call to happy hours is understood:
Gone are the cares that would infest the day --
God bless you, little cabin of the wood.

Gather all you people *The All Night*
Close around the "mike," *Hike*
While I make this broadcast
About a glorious hike.
Stew, Larry, Ted, Dan and Benjie,
Making up the camping crew,
That set out on an all night hike
For something else to do.
They loaded up the sleeping bags,
And piled the canoes up high
With all the things that they might need,
Come weather, wet or dry.

*All Night
Hike*

To ease the strain of fond Ma-Mas
They made a place for Al,
The Iron City counselor,
A real camper's pal.

And then to ease their every doubt,
Al appointed wiry Ted
To help him roll them back again
If they roll out of bed.

Big steaks were put upon the fire,
Fried potatoes filled the pan:
While bacon sizzled in the grease,
And turned a golden brown.

The shade of night drew on apace,
As each one pitched his tent;
Where they might calmly spend the night:
For sleep was their intent.

The night was soft, the moon was fair,
But from the camp came groans;
As all the boys in sleeping bags
Turned over on the stones.

But when at last the sun came up
It was a welcome sight;
For now it marked the end
Of a long and sleepless night.

And when they finally broke up camp
With Big Chief Al to bring them back,
Then all discomforts faded out
And joy was wrapped within each pack.

All Night

Hike

So here's to Al, our Counselor,
Whose motto is "to please"
Whose job has meant as much to us
As it has meant to these.

Two worlds make up the life of man,
Two worlds are woven in the span:
To make the pattern grave or gay,
That makes our changing moods each day.

The World of

Get and the

World of Give

One has to do with rain and cold,
The need of food, the growing old;
And creature comforts to be met,
Fighting in the "World of Get."

The other has to do with love,
Where hearts attuned to God above,
In joyous happiness can live,
Relaxed in God's "World of Give."

This is the tale of an adventurous day
When the Todds first set sail on fair
Georgian Bay.

*An Intrepid
Mariner*

With Kirk as the captain, intrepid of soul
Fearless of rocks and fearless of soul.

He loaded the boat to an inch of the rail,
For an overnight hike; and the family set sail.

Bob Applegate, neighbor, had been very kind:
On a white paper napkin the course he outlined.

Kirk started the Evinrude, trusting to fate
Down through the bay and out through the strait.

No sheer pin had he, should he land on a rock:
All usual precautions he left on the dock.

But they went and they came, though goodness
knows how

It's a cinch they would never try such a thing now.

How that first family cruise got back happy
and well

God only knows, and of course – He won't tell.

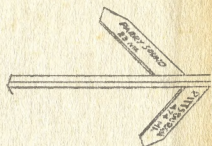
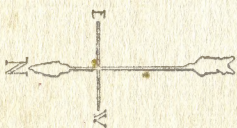
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